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Queen's College Journal

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The Editors must be acquainted with the name of the
author of any article, whether local or literary.

THE services of a few zealous persons
are alone required to obtain for Con-
vocation Hall, the portraits of ex-Principals
Cook and Snodgrass ; Dr. Cook is also an
ex-Chancellor of the University. To pro-
cure these, the sum of three hundred dollars
is required, and this of course amounts to a
mere nothing, if the many friends of both
Doctors, are approached in the right way.
Let some society take the matter up.

THE Christmas vacation has been short-
ened by the Senate ; it extends from
Dec. 22, to January 4th. A petition for ex-
tension was signed extensively and present-
ed to the Senate. The answer was that the
Senate regretted that it could not entertain
the request, as if the dates laid down in the
Calendar were changed the work of the ses-
sion could not be accomplished. We pre-
sume the Senate is not disposed to look
favorably on petitions of this sort, on ac-
count of the Summer vacation being so long.

It is too long. If lectures began on the first
of October and lasted till the end of April,
the curriculum would be gone over more
completely and with less hurry, and foot-
ball, athletic and perhaps boating matters
would be in a much more healthy condition.
Of course at present it would be a hardship
to many, to shorten the vacation, but we
hope the time is not far distant when we
shall have a longer session.

MANITOBA seems to afford a very
tempting field, to a man who has
any surplus funds to invest. A single in-
stance of this is shown in a transaction be-
tween the University and Dr. Schultz, M.
P., an alumnus of the Royal College. Dr.
Schultz two years ago conveyed to the Trus-
tees three lots in Winnipeg, valued at ten
dollars each ; a week or two ago, nine hun-
dred dollars were offered for the same lots
and refused. The JOURNAL is going to in-
vest its surplus funds if it ever has any, in
Winnipeg town lots.

WE regret very much to see that per-
sonal canvassing by candidates for
office is on the increase. The principle is a
bad one : we hope that after this year there
will be an understanding among candidates
that their friends will do all the canvassing.
There was at least one instance before the
recent election in the Alma Mater Society,
of a candidate soliciting votes from men he
was not acquainted with, and when he was
refused had the nerve to ask the reason for
the refusal. Now, college men are not

municipal electors, and it is nothing short of an insult for a candidate to put any one to the annoyance of explaining his reasons for voting or not voting. We are, however, glad to learn that at least in one instance this sort of thing met with a rebuff. Let a man be as affable during a canvass as he may choose, if he thinks any one will be influenced by such a course of action. But we hope the state of things which existed years ago will after this, again obtain, when a candidate would as soon have cut his hand off as try to obtain a vote by personal pleading.

THE power of conferring the doctorate is the only means by which a University can voluntarily recognize worth in the world of literature science and the professions, and consequently the idea which should attach to the degree of LL. D., is that it is purely honorary. This we believe does prevail. It probably took its rise in, and has been fostered by the universities in the Old Country, who every year single out for laureation, only men who have made their mark in the different walks of learning. In Canada, Queens has used this power most judiciously, and her small list of honorary graduates contains the names of the most eminent men in the country. Consequently thinking as we do that this degree should be distinct from others, we regret that some universities should see fit to confer the degree on men of a very few years university standing, merely on the condition that they pursue some post-graduate study. Such a course detracts from the degree, that attribute which tradition, and popular opinion have given to it.

THE JOURNAL has always eschewed politics, but a Canadian love of independence and fair play compels us to refer to, and protest against a recent act of the Militia Department. Among the orders for

the Brigade Camp, Picton, was one that no liquor was to be sold on the ground. Notwithstanding this, some individual obtained a permit from the department to erect a canteen within the camp, and did so. The Lieutenant Colonel in temporary command of the camp noticed this proceeding and ordered a company of his battalion to throw the whole concern over the fence. For this act, he has been publicly censured in the *Canada Gazette*, although there can be no doubt he was right from a military point of view, in enforcing the Brigade order. From a leading Conservative paper, we learn that the local member of parliament was most active in inducing this action of the Department. Now if the *Gazette* is to be made a vehicle in which to express political spite, no officer who ever shows any pluck or decision can be sure of escaping censure, if he should happen to be of a different political stripe from the party which may be in power; and if one party has abused the office of the *Gazette* it may be looked on as certain that the other party will do the same. The militia we have always looked upon, as above politics, where merit alone is considered, and we would be sorry indeed, to see such a mischievous ingredient as the one we have referred to, introduced.

CONTRIBUTED.

* * * We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

The Editors of the Journal.

GENTLEMEN:—As you have discussed the question of the Military College, or rather the adaptation of its course of study to the present condition of Canada, allow me a word of criticism. The spirit in which your article is written is all that could be desired, and at first sight the point you make seems to be conclusive. Your argument is this in effect, is it not?—Our military system should be connected, correlated, and thus an effective unity. One part should fit into another part. We should not, for instance, put the head of a man to the body of a fish. Now, the body of our system is the militia. But the Military College does not prepare officers for the

militia, and we have no standing army; therefore it is out of relation to our system, an excrescence rather than a legitimate development. That, I think, is the substance of your argument. And you would change the present course of long, regular, scientific study which only a few can take advantage of, for short courses for militia officers. Now, I have not a word of objection against short courses, in addition to the present work done by the institution, and I think that the Commandant has again and again urged that provision should be made for such; but before revolutionizing and thereby destroying what was intended to be our West Point, let me suggest one or two considerations, in the form of questions. I do not speak with authority on the subject. I am a novice. I claim only to be a patriotic Canadian, loyal to the empire, and I desire information.

First, why do we keep up a militia or military force of any kind? Because, we may on some future occasion have to defend ourselves. I can conceive of no other reason. The men who calmly look this eventuality in the face are not the men who are responsible for its happening. No. Rather are they responsible, who pooh-pooh universal history, and who deny the truth of the aphorism "if you wish peace, prepare for war."

Secondly, does not success in war now depend more than ever it did before on scientific officers in all branches of the service, and especially in the artillery and engineers? Would short course men be sufficient? I have a distrust of short-cuts, and short methods of mastering any subject. Some people imagine that they can become scientists by attending Mechanics' Institute lectures, or short courses adapted to the capacities of boarding-school misses. In the case of war would we not need men who had received the highest training possible? Would not one such man possibly save the country the cost of the college for a century or two?

Thirdly, why did the United States keep up West Point, at an expense far greater than our Military College, when the Republic was not much more numerous or wealthy than the Dominion now is, and when it had a merely nominal standing army? Was it wise to do so? Let its history answer. When the country was in a death struggle, who came to the front? Short course men or West Pointers? The first battles were like playing at war, and great fun was made of the scares on both sides. That was because the militia were unused to the work. But they soon got over their inexperience, and West Point officers, who came from all departments of civil life at their country's call, licked them into the shape required to do the terrible work to which they were called.

It seems to me then that if we spend nearly a million on our military system, it is not unwise to devote one twenty-fifth of the amount to the scientific education of officers; and that what is lacking is, that the Government makes no effort to secure the services of men that it is at the expense of training. It would be easy to suggest ways and means of doing this, to the present and ultimate profit of the country, but to make such suggestions is not the object of this letter. Believe me, yours truly,

CANADENSIS.

Our correspondent's arguments are forcible. We have heard them before. But the time when *highly* scientific officers would be needed, is so remote, that we confess we had to some extent lost sight of the fact that to furnish such men was in reality the *raison d'être* of the College.

We were thinking more of to-day, and more of actualities than of possibilities. We held, and still do hold, that all military educational efforts should be directed towards strengthening the militia force of the country. And that the College is not adapted to the wants of the militia is certainly not the fault of the staff, for as "*Canadensis*" says the Commandant has repeatedly asked permission to take militia officers into the College, and give them a year's or two year's instruction; but his good intentions have met with no response from the Department. The staff is doing all it can to make the College efficient for the work it laid out for it; and most of its members deserve the gratitude of the country for leaving home associations, and positions of emolument to come out here; and it is a great pity that their superior attainments are not turned to better use. —*Eds. JOURNAL!*

THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

IN the sudden and widely lamented death of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, the American public, and indeed our own also, have sustained a loss which will long be felt. He will not take rank among the world's *great* writers, but he was a *good* writer and a *good man*, and had gained as few writers have done, the ear of the great mass of his countrymen. His peculiar gifts seemed exactly fitted to appeal to the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the average American, and his strong common sense and clear incisive style gave him the great and wide-spread influence which—to his praise be it said—was invariably used to promote the things that are "just and pure and lovely and of good report." Few literary men have left a purer and more blameless record, whether as a writer or a man. His personal history, indeed, would serve a novelist for that of an ideal hero. One of many illustrations of how early toil and struggle develop, as perhaps nothing else can, the moral thews and muscles of character, young Holland, like many another distinguished student, had to fight "circumstances" for his education, and he reaped his reward. And his early experiences in "school teaching" in the remote country regions of New England supplied him with a fund of strongly marked character and quaint individuality, which he afterwards turned to good account in his popular fictions and poems. One of his finest short poems describes a father of the old granite Scotch Puritan type, such as he had known among the rugged Vermont hills. He studied medicine as a profess'on, but his heart was in literature, and to that he finally devoted himself. His apprenticeship was served in connection with the *Springfield Republican* with which he continued to be connected for nearly twenty years, at once establishing the reputation of the paper and laying the foundations of his own fortune, for on his retirement from the editorship his share of profit was \$50,000. His books in prose and poetry, fifteen in number, have reached a sale of 500,000 copies—sufficient proof of their wide popularity. He was one of the first writers of fiction who ventured to take his subjects from the everyday life of his

own country, now so prolific a theme for novel-writers, and how well he succeeded is witnessed by the immense circulation of "Bitter-sweet," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "Nicholas Minturn." No books were more sure of a welcome in the average American home—taking in America very much the place occupied by those of Dickens in England. If the American author has to yield the palm of genius to the British one in both humor and pathos,—at least he can claim the supremacy in this, that the tone of his moral influence was more uniformly healthful. Indeed this was the most marked characteristic of his writings, whether in his books or in the more fugitive periodical literature of the day. *Scribner's Magazine*, instituted by him ten years ago, has been, during its short existence, an important influence in educating the American people, whether socially, aesthetically or morally. Its literary merits combined with the artistic excellence of its illustrations, which indeed made "a new departure" in the art of wood engraving—carried it into thousands of homes, refining and beautifying the homely conditions of everyday life, and teaching men to judge great, social or political questions, not by the changing measure of expediency but by the unvarying standard of truth and right. In "Topics of the Time" and all kindred writings, Dr. Holland gave no uncertain sound. His voice always rang true to higher claims than those of party or faction—to true patriotism and the eternal rights. In his critiques he was equally distinct and true—never led away by mere novelty or the charm of a great name, to tolerate what was false in theory or doubtful in tendency, faithfully withholding the error so common in his age and country, of forgetting the higher beauty of the spiritual in the worship of the material, and of the science which deals alone with the realm of the senses. Between this science and poetry, he maintained, there must be a certain antagonism, because the sphere of poetry lay in the unseen world of spiritual reality, to which it must be free to soar. His own place in literature has been aptly styled that of "the apostle of the commonplace," because his *forte* lay in illustrating the beauty that may idealize the humblest lives and the homeliest paths, a task which his overflowing sympathy made especially congenial to him. It was this element in his writings, more than any other, that won for them their wide popularity among his countrymen—a popularity sufficient to satisfy his utmost ambition—save for one thing,—that he probably never attained to his own standard of excellence as a writer.

As a man, Dr. Holland was singularly loveable and quite unspoiled by prosperity. He retained to the last despite seriously impaired health, his youthful freshness of feeling and capacity for enjoying all that was enjoyable in life. Especially did he enjoy his charming summer residence at Alexandria Bay, among the Thousand Islands, where he spent four months of the year enjoying comparative rest amid the ever varying charms of the beautiful island scenery. His country house, built after his own taste on a rocky bluff, fringed and tufted with pines, and commanding a lovely view, is called "Bonnicastle," and is an ideal summer-abode, with its wide hospitable hall, planned after the old English fashion, and its tastefully decorated rooms, each window commanding a picturesque vista of the island studded river. His swift steam yacht lay moored in its trim boathouse below, and no pleasure was more enjoyed by him than the excursions, longer or shorter, which he and his family were accustomed to make on the "Camilla." But of all the charms of the beautiful home, the central one was the master

himself, whose commanding figure in summer costume of snowy white, with his constant attendant *Bianca*—a fine white spaniel, whose faithful affection he commemorates in one his most touching little poems—as so prominent a feature in the recollection of visitors to Bonnicastle. There, on summer evenings, he was wont to sit on the wide verandah, looking across the bay to the myriad lights of the great hotels of the village, and discussing the questions of the day, or indulging in reminiscences of a busy and eventful life. One such occasion occurs to the memory of the writer, when, among other subjects of conversation, he referred to the esteemed Principal of Queen's, who had been at his invitation a contributor to *Scribner*—in terms of high esteem and admiration of his varied gifts and his marked fitness for the position in which he has already achieved so great success. The tragedy which robbed the United States of a President, whom Dr. Holland admired and loved with all his heart, and from whose administration he had expected so much for his country's good—clouded with a keenly felt sorrow the last weeks of his life. But hardly were the days of mourning ended than he himself was suddenly called to follow the martyred President into the "undiscovered country." Death—and sudden death—had long been a familiar probability to his mind, as he knew well that his span of life could not be long extended, and that at any moment it might be cut short. But his Christian faith was as strong and bright as his sympathies were broad and catholic. He died surrounded by his loving wife and children, yet without the pang of conscious parting. But as a daughter wrote "We needed no last words from such a father"—and the memory of what he was and the realizing faith in the higher and nobler life into which he had entered, sustained even those on whom the blow fell with heaviest force. A letter written by him to a friend last spring expresses the hope and faith with which he looked from the fleeting and transitory world of sense to the unseen and eternal:—"The world is passing very rapidly under our feet and soon the tide of life will sweep over our painless lives and still hearts. *Apropos* of this, look in the May number of *Scribner* for a little poem of mine entitled 'Threnody.' It is a little blue in tone, but the last stanza gives the right turn, and on the whole I think the piece is healthy." The 'last stanza' is perhaps familiar to some readers already, but may well be repeated here:—

"But if life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,
Let the world go round and round
And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
O what will it matter to me!"

THE MODEL STUDENT.

TWO pictures of student life of quarter a century ago are vividly imprinted on the page of memory. There is the lad with pale face, compressed lips, and stooping shoulders. His looks tell the tale of midnight oil, of pouring over musty folios, and of absorbing study. Here is another youth, who has come up to college for a very different purpose. It is not certainly to study. Books are the last thought. Reading is a bore. The average young man of this sort glories in the traditional life of the student which is that of a fast, rollicking and perhaps not over scrupulous fellow. Of course, were the question put to us, which of these presents the better type of student life, we confess to a liking for him of the pallid

countenance. There is something altogether unmeaning in a young man acting the part of the prodigal, and making the seat of learning the far country in which to spend his goods on riotous living. It is worse than unmeaning. It is foolish and wicked. Yet when one looks back on the vista of years, and remembers the sad fate of students who have sacrificed their lives at the shrine of learning, and while we confess to a sentimental interest in midnight lamps and stooping forms, we feel a shudder passing over us at sight of the youth who is evidently working himself to death. And we ask ourselves, is there not a better type of student life than this? Surely there must be, or else we would be forced to argue against colleges and learning, and conclude it is wiser to send our sons to the work of a trade or of the farm.

We feel strongly that a student should never injure his health by over study. It is our impression that mental work pure and simple, unless pursued with fevered ambition, will not prove detrimental to our physical well-being. Much of the injury that has been done in the past resulted from students earning their daily bread besides working for honours. Not a little of the wrong done could be traced to stimulents employed to goad the wearied brain, and to the want of sleep, as well as to nervousness induced by over work. Young men attending college in Canada are in various ways freed from such a necessity. We are glad of this, for we think they can thereby reach the highest type of student life. One of the best students we had the pleasure of knowing, and who is the present Lord-Advocate of Scotland, did not as a rule spend more than two or three hours daily over his books. The regularity with which he studied was the secret of his success. He carried off the first prizes and yet he never seemed to overwork himself. Other students were more brilliant, but they did not succeed as well. At the end of the session there he was as ruddy as ever and beaming with health. He never neglected physical exercise. He was always ready for a ramble. Weather made no difference. His life was methodical. Each day furnished its equivalent of sleep, recreation and work. Above all he was a good lad, having the blessing of God resting upon him. As a youth he taught in the sabbath school, and we were delighted to learn not long since that he is still acting as a Sunday-teacher. Some may poke fun at our Divinity students and say, This is for them. But observe we are speaking of a lawyer, and we do not see why medicales as well, are not all the better for pursuing a similar course.

We are convinced that study properly conducted conserves the physical health. Why should it be otherwise? *Sana mens in sano corpore* is our motto. Given a proper substratum of health, and suitable exercise, and one is fit for anything in the way of study. A philosopher in a well developed body is no contradiction. We would have our students symmetrical in their lives as well as their bodies. By attention to such matters as food, clothing, exercise, they will be the more capable of mastering their subjects. Nor do we think they need be hermits in order to be regarded as hard-working students. We like to see a young man enjoying amenities of life. Why should a student avoid, or pretend to shun, the society of ladies? In such a kindly, hospitable city as Kingston, it is certainly not

necessary to do so. With the healthful society which he may enjoy in our christian homes, we are satisfied his work will diminish neither quantity nor quality, and he will be freed thereby from the dangerous temptations of city life. Let us add one other stone to our cairn. And can we express it in better form than the following lines from the 119th Psalm:

"By what means shall a young man learn
His way to purify ?
If he according to Thy word
Thereto attentive be.
Unfeignedly Then have I sought
With all my soul and heart :
O let me not from the right path
Of Thy commands depart."

SCRIBBLINGS FROM AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

DEAR me! I had no idea my hand would shake so, it never used to do so. I suppose it is the thought of having what I write you now, my dear JOURNAL, appear in type, and that is enough to make any bashful man nervous, though I suppose I need not have minded that, for no one knows me but you, and you being a Journal are such a faithful repository of the names of secret writers, that not even the threat of a libel suit can bring them to the light, as I have heard has been exemplified recently by a contemporary in your own old Limestone city. So I need not fear, need I? And I suppose I need not have mentioned my hand shaking, for once this is in print no one can know, unless it is by the number of mistakes the compositor may make because of the indistinct writing.

But this is not what I started to write.

I am an old boy—I have called myself an "elderly gentleman" up above, because some people attach a very ambiguous meaning to the phrase "old boy"—and living in a little village out of the track of busy life, I often get a chance to think quietly of events transpiring in that great outside which sends occasional echoes in on us. In one sense no village on a line of railway is nowadays out of the world. Daily papers and magazines come to us as to the rest of mankind; few events happen of which we do not hear. But then we hear them in a very quiet way. Not in a crowd standing around a flaring bulletin board, and all discussing the probable results thereof, but seated quietly at our tea tables we read them twenty-four hours perhaps after the rest of mankind has ceased talking about them, and knowing this we do not talk much about them either; so we mostly acquire the facts without the immense bundle of imaginings usually attached thereto, and let them quietly settle down in our minds. Other things far more important to us attract our attention. The deaths, births, but most of all weddings (or prospective ones) in our little community are eagerly discussed, they are of interest to all, and no one can speak thereof and find an uninterested auditor. The death of a President perhaps causes deep regret and anxious thought in the minds of a few, and a little wave of feeling among all others; but how can it touch the universal interest or

become such a subject of general conversation as the resignation of a village councillor. We read of the death of a great journalist, a man who by his writings is personally beloved by thousands who never saw him, and though there are some whose hearts are touched and who feel as though another friend had departed, still among the many who talk, you hear no mention of it. It is this phase of village life that strikes the dweller in cities when first he comes to reside among us. He lays it down to the narrowness of local interest, and compares it unfavorably with the broadness to which he has been accustomed, but I think if he look farther he will see that in a village, that only can be talked of which is common to all the inhabitants, while in a city the inhabitants are divided in many parts, in each of which much can be talked of not common to the rest. Owing to this, many of these parts forget that there are any others, and gradually come to believe that they represent the world; thus breeding a narrowness compared to which the narrowness of a village is broadness itself. But I am getting away from the idea with which I first started, and that is, that in many points of universal interest we get accustomed, I think, to rely more on our own opinions and less on the opinions of others than is the case in the cities.

Do you know it is rather curious to watch the formation of those opinions. I am not a materialist, but I am becoming more and more convinced that the stomach has often more to do with those opinions than either the head, or heart. I remember a quaint idea of Oliver Wendell Holmes. (He tells it, I think, in the "Autocrat.") Having one day at his boarding house eaten too much pie, (desiring in the kindness of his heart to take the edge off a back-handed compliment paid to his landlady's pastry) he went to his study and wrote several very mournful and foreboding articles on the state of humanity. Fortunately for his readers he came to a better state of feeling before giving it to the publisher, and seeing clearly what caused him to think as he did, he gravely labelled the manuscript "Pie-crust" and stored it away, and then he adds that he has many volumes in his library which he would like to label the same way, but they have the names of "D.D.'s" and "LL.D.'s" on their title pages, so he does not like to do so. I think the Autocrat was right, and believe if there were fewer theologians, for instance with soured stomachs we would not have so many trials for heresy and would hear less about "eternal damnation."

Talking of "Pie-crust" reminds me that I recently saw in a San Francisco paper the *Argonaut* (a good paper too, though a little inclined to Rationalism and gossip) a poem which takes in the situation exactly. I believe they clipped it from another paper, the *Burdette*. I will stick it to the end of this—perhaps I had better do so now, and not take up any more of this number with my scribblings. It is entitled

THREE FIENDS.

There were three demons came out of the deep—
Fiends that blighted the eyes to see ;
That frightened the dreamer out of his sleep,
And chilled the heart with a sudden leap,
And numbed the brain with their stealthy creep.
A ghastly, terrible, horrible three.
War was one, and his sable plume
Shadowed a face that was cruel as hate ;
He awakened the dawn with the sullen boom
Of murderous guns. Like a pall of gloom
Hung the smoke of his breath, and pitiless doom
His mailed hands held like a soulless fate.
Life was his meat, and his drink was gore ;

Red to his knees he walked in blood ;
Laughed as he raged down the carmine shore,
Raising his voice in the horrid roar
And shrieks of his victims as more and more

They swelled the ghastly flood.
And "Rum" was another one grisly and grim :
Crueler, ten times told, than you'd think.
Misery poisoned its beakers bain,
Death eternal, and hate, and sin,
Want and woe—he poured them in,

And gave to the world to drink.
The victims were numberless as the sands,
Maiden, and youth, and hoary age ;
The wisdom and courage of many lands,
Hearts of manhood, and dimpled bands,
They came to his death-feast, ghostly bands,

Weak fools and the strong minded sage.
And the third—he came with a goblin smile ;
Gentle and kind he seemed to be ;
But the heart of the fiend was full of guile ;
In his merriest moments all the while,
His thoughts were cruel, his plans were vile :

He was the worst of the three.
At feast and wedding he sat elate,

With lascivious lips he kissed the bride ;
He begged the little, he pleased the great,
While he wrecked the home and destroyed the state,
With a sway like the rule of an iron fate.

That you couldn't resist if you tried.

Oh, woe was the home where he entered in ;
He darkened the hearthstone that he stood by ;
And faces pale, and wan, and thin,
Looked up in fear at his mocking grin,
And the victims knew, as they scooped him in,

They were hopeless slaves of the demon "Pie."

What a blessed day it will be for the human race, when this third demon is appreciated as are the others. I think his worst feature is that every man "possessed of" him imagines he is free and pure, while others are filled with the "legion."

But I fear I am a little bilious myself this morning, so I will not venture further.

X. Y. Z.

UNIVERSITY SERMON.

TH E Rev. John Potts, D.D., was the University Preacher on Sunday, Nov. 27th, and took as his text

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, in this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—*Epaphians iii. 8.*

The preaching of the gospel, he remarked, is not a duty to be performed perfunctorily and irrespective of Christian sympathy and consecration. There may be light in the argument and comfort in the illustration apart altogether from the spiritual standing of the preacher; but it must be admitted that in order to reach the highest success there has to be consecration of the heart and life to the service and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. The whole history of the Church points to this fact. If we select the case of Peter we fail to find anything in the Pentecostal address to account for the marvellous results which followed it. But before that day the apostles had realized their utter helplessness out of Christ and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, being filled with the divine spirit and qualified to preach the gospel as they had not been before. There was nothing in the preserved outline of the Pentecostal sermon to account for the miracles which attended Peter's ministry, but when we remember the historic facts, the ancient prophecies, the

glorious proclamations of Jesus Christ, and the thrilling influences of the Holy Ghost can we wonder that the preacher was pricked to the heart and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In all the range of Church history, however, nothing seems to so much combine perfection of character, and sympathy with the work of Jesus Christ as the sentiments of the text uttered by Paul, the Christian, Apostle, and missionary to the Gentiles, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, in this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." Two prominent thoughts are suggested:

1. Paul's estimate of himself—"less than the least of all saints."

2. Paul's estimate of his mission—"unto me is this grace given that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ."

In regard to the first point it may be asked, Is a man the best judge of himself? Popular public opinion would not be prepared to answer in the affirmative. It will not do for one to allow his enemies to pass judgment upon him because their antipathy would be against their giving a fair decision. It would not serve a good purpose to allow ardent friendship to do the rating because an over estimate might be made. On the whole it is best for a man to judge himself, because he best knows his own weakness and ability. When the Apostle, however, touches this matter he does so at the point of the spiritual realm. It would not be wise for a man to judge himself generally. If an artist told him, "I am less than the least of all painters," the probability was a greater would be sought. If a doctor spoke of his professional standing in the phaeology of Apostle it is not very likely he would be able to exercise the healing art upon his multitude of patients. The effect is different in the realm of the spiritual. Paul wrote himself down as "the chief of sinners." When? Not when one of those who stoned Stephen; not when breathing threatenings against the infant Church; not when receiving authority from the chief priests to go to Damascus to interfere with the progress of the Christian Church, but after he had walked with God and had communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. Have we not evidence in this of the growth of the grace of humility in the character of the Apostle? Writing to the Church in Corinth in §9 he said: "I am the least of the Apostles that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." Writing to the Ephesians in 64 he called himself "less than the least of saints." But the climax was not yet reached. In 65, writing to Timothy, he said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Unless his life be recognized as illustrative of the growth of the grace of humility it will appear to be full of contradictions and strange mysteries, instead of which it is in beautiful harmony with truth and in sympathy with the meek and lowly Jesus. Then Paul probably did a great deal of good in saying that he was less than the least of saints. In that age of the Church many were disposed to over estimate themselves, and when they learned how Paul, the great leader and teacher, regarded his position, was it unlikely that they should become subdued and give a proper estimate of themselves to themselves, and cultivate the humility indicated in the Christian life of the Apostle? And now as to Paul's estimate of his mission. Of this he spoke in a very different tone. When he referred to his official relationship to Christ and the Church he said, "I magnify my office." Addressing the Corinthian Church he said, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." The preacher remarked: "Brethren, let me to-day emphasize the thought that the preaching of the gospel is an institution of divine appointment,

and being an institution of divine appointment it must continue until the close of the present, which is the last dispensation. Now, I grant you that there are influences and instrumentalities which may be raised into greater prominence, but it is absolutely impossible for any instrumentality to take the place of the living man of God, who hears the Master's "go," and feels the thrill of the Master's faithful promise, "Lo I am with you always unto the end of the world." The preaching of the gospel has been a triumph in every land; all types of men acknowledge its power. And as an institution of divine appointment it is the greatest work of man. The work of the statesman is noble because it has to do with the progress of civil and religious liberty, and the development of the resources of the country in which he lives. The work of the ambassador is responsible because upon his word may hang the fate of nations and the lives of multitudes. The work of the secular teacher, and the physician is recognized as important, but above and beyond all, as high as it is possible for the mind of man to reach, is the work of the preacher, who has to do with the curing of souls and the proclamation of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now mark the theme. It was the same wherever the Apostle went—the same at Athens, at Corinth, at Ephesus, before the cultured, and the unlearned, it was Jesus Christ in some one of His many aspects, His mission in the world, and His glorious power as the Saviour of men. It would be hard to imagine the Apostle having any other. Connected with the mineral kingdom Christ has been referred to as "the chief corner stone," coupled with the vegetable kingdom He has been styled the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the Valley," and in connection with the animal kingdom His characteristics have been indicated by the titles, "Lion of the tribe of Judah," and "The lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The Church of Christ would not allow any other theme to take the place of Jesus. Our literature and science and art are good enough in their place. Wealth of thought and grace of diction are attractive to the cultured and the educated, but the Church of Christ, whether gathered in the College, or the simple chapel, would, with indignant expression, say, "We came not here to be fed with the stones of science or the flowers of rhetoric, but with the bread of life which comes down from heaven." Reference was made to the meaning of "unsearchable riches of Christ." It covered the great power of Christ. Was it not something to have a Saviour of unlimited resources? Take the case of Jesus Christ's incarnate career and we find shining through the miracles which He wrought; and who will say that His power has been exhausted? Who will dare say that His feeding of the multitudes, and stilling of the tempest and curing of disease, and raising of the dead have exhausted His power? Nay; these are but illustrations of His unsearchable riches. The creation was an evidence of divine power, but lower in its kind than that manifested in the work of redemption. Christ's conquest of sin, and death, and the grave are testimonies in some degree of the unsearchable riches of His power. The unsearchable riches of Christ, too, are manifest in His wealth of blessing and in His love. The preacher enlarged upon the latter thought. Love was the mightiest power in the world to-day. God is greater, but "God is love." Poets have sung in praise of love; orators have kindled into a white heat in discussing upon its matchless character; history has recorded the love of patriots for their country, the love of mothers for their children, the love of wives for their husbands, but after all who will dare compare the love of the patriot and mother to the love of Christ? One is finite and human, therefore measurable; the other infinite and divine, therefore immeasurable. In that love we have an interpretation of the mysteries of Christ's suffering and death, of the mysteries of the vast

redemption scheme. His incarnate love was proclaimed in his sermon on the mount, in His last words to His disciples, as He ate before the crucifixion, in His sufferings at Gethsemane, in His death, resurrection and ascension. Even now His love is heard in the sweet voice and tender prayer of the godly woman who goes through the wards of the hospital and prison, who visits the garrets of the poor and the cellars of the degraded; it is shown by the missionary who goes to the ends of the earth to serve his Master; it is manifested by the man who gives a cup of cold water to the needy. All these things are illustrative of the Redeemer's love. They express in a sense the unsearchable riches of the grace of the love of Jesus Christ. "Am I?" asked the speaker, "addressing to-day a poor bankrupt, penniless, sinner? If so I would say there can be no compromise. I cannot accept 10c or 90c. You must take the place of the utterly poor, but I offer to you, in the name of my divine Master, the unsearchable riches of Christ in His pity, compassion, forgiveness, peace, purity, hope, and ultimately fulness of joy."

THE LIBRARY.

PROFESSOR Mowat, Treasurer of the special fund for the library, acknowledges with many thanks the receipts of the following subscriptions

J. Kay, Toronto.....	\$100
J. Jacques, Toronto.....	100
W. Mulock, Vice Chancellor, Univ. Toronto.....	100
D. Greenshields, Montreal	100
Allan Gilmour, Ottawa.....	500
A. P. Knight, M.A.....	20
Hugh McLennan, Montreal.....	25
The Principal.....	25

The last two subscriptions, and let us hope some of the others also, are intended to be annual, at least for the six years' period referred to in the Principal's appeal for a special fund for the library.

MEETINGS.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE elections in this Society on Friday night last, proved unusually exciting, the struggle was close, and contrary to expectation, the party which has always been considered weak, appeared to hold its own.

As our readers are doubtless aware, there are usually in these elections two parties and two platforms, and these adopt what are usually termed the Arts and Medical "tickets." The majority of the Arts with the Divinity students compose one of these parties, and the students of Medicine with the remaining Arts men the other. The latter, until this year, has been looked upon as the strongest. Year after year the Medical party have come to the annual meeting, and elected their own men, and as they never attend the regular meetings or act in any way as members of the Society, this proceeding has been looked upon with the greatest disgust by the active members, who are the Arts men.

However, undergraduates in Arts are becoming more numerous every year, and unless determined action is

taken by the Meds. next year, the Arts party bids fair to have it all its own way.

The President for this session is Dr. Kenneth N. Fenwick, who is a graduate in both Arts and Medicine, and who is very popular in the Royal College. Mr. Donald McIntyre, B.A., was nominated for this office, but having been elected for the last two years by acclamation, he retired in favor of Dr. Fenwick.

The non-resident vice-President elected is Mr. W. W. Daly, B.A., who will always be remembered warmly by both Arts and Medical students. In the election of vice-Presidents the Arts ticket prevailed, and after a close contest Messrs D. B. Rutherford and John Hay were elected, although Mr. J. C. Anderson made a most determined stand. The Secretaryship was contested for by Messrs. McLeod and Skinner, the former winning the seat by four votes. Mr. Gandier was elected Treasurer by a small majority over Mr. Henderson. Both these elections were greeted with applause by the Arts men. For the Executive Committee the Meds. elected their nominees, Messrs. A. D. Cameron, A. A. Pratt and T. A. Moore, by large majorities. The following, therefore, is the list of officers for 1881-82 :

President—Dr. Fenwick (by acclamation).

Non-resident Vice-President—W. W. Daly, B.A.

First Vice-President—D. B. Rutherford, of the Royal College.

Second Vice-President—J. Hay, '82.

Secretary—A. McLeod.

Treasurer—A. Gandier.

Critic—W. J. Shanks (by acclamation).

Ex. Committee—A. D. Cameron, A. A. Pratt and T. A. Moore.

It was necessary to hold this meeting in a hall engaged for the occasion, as the regular room is rather small for the purpose. Over one hundred and fifty took part in the election. The manner of voting was changed from that of form years and a poll was held. This change in our opinion proved a decided failure, and we hope the old method will be re-adopted next session.

A motion introduced to have the voting by ballot was defeated by a large majority.

Very few of the graduates of the city attended the election, there being no contest for the Presidency.

The usual convivial meeting took place in the Royal College after the election.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Owing to the carelessness of the Corresponding Secretary, the business of this important Association has not yet been noticed in the columns of the JOURNAL. As many readers are deeply interested in its welfare, it may not yet be too late to give a brief summary of the progress of the association since the beginning of the session. The first meeting was held Nov. 5th, when reports were received from the retiring officers, and the following new officers were appointed :

President—George McArthur, B.A.

Vice-President—L. W. Thom.

Corresponding Secretary—John Young.
Recording Secretary—John Hay.
Treasurer—John Moore, B.A.
Librarian—John McLeod.

These, together with Messrs. Forrest, McLean, McAulay and Perrin, constitute the Executive Committee.

The next regular meeting was held on Saturday, Nov. 19: President in the chair. The report of the Treasurer showed a balance on hand of \$36.95; this, together with the largely increased subscriptions of students from their various fields, will place the Association on a better financial basis than ever before. Very interesting reports were given by three of the missionaries who labored directly under the auspices of the association. Mr. W. J. Shanks gave an encouraging report of the work at Hinchinbrook and Sharbot Lake, fifty miles north of Kingston. J. Hay gave an interesting account of his labours at Merrickville, &c., in the Presbytery of Brockville. The fact that he found the place completely disorganized and the people very much discouraged, yet left amongst them at his departure an ordained missionary who is to labour there for a year, shows that he has not been idle. Mr. McAulay's account of his work amongst the miners, lumbermen, and others on the Mississippi was in some respects quite thrilling. Mr. C. L. Herald was to have given an "account of his stewardship" in Muskoka, but had to leave college on account of sickness. Several communications were read from the district where he labored, and from the Clerk of Barrie Presbytery, expressing a strong desire that he should return to them again next summer. These letters speak for themselves.

The next regular meeting was held on Saturday, Dec. 3, when, besides the usual business, reports were given by R. C. Murray of his labors on the Upper Ottawa, and by P. M. Pollock, B.A., of his work on Collingwood Mount and at Parry Sound.

A large number of new members have joined the Association this year, and if the real genuine enthusiasm manifested so far is a criterion we may safely predict that this will be a year crowned with great success. M.

THE VACATION.

A MASS meeting of students was held on Monday, to take action aenent the refusal of the Senate to accede to a petition to lengthen the Christmas vacation. The meeting was large, and decided action was taken, those present pledging themselves not to attend classes until the 10th of January instead of the 4th, as prescribed by the Senate. Those who persist in attending lectures before that date will be dealt with as the code of students' privileges may direct.

A committee was appointed to procure from the principal railway companies holiday fares up to the 10th inclusive.

THE GYMNASIUM.

A NOTHER mass meeting was held this week to consider the affairs of the Gymnasium. It was decided to take the Gym. out of the hands of the Alma

Mater Society and to give it over to a club, with the following office-bearers:

Hon. President—Prof. Fletcher.
President—Mr. Max Dupuis.
Secretary—Mr. Givau.
Treasurer—Mr. Keith.
Committee—Messrs. Fraser, Gandier and Sturgeon.

This club will levy a fee on all attending, and will undertake to keep the Gym. in good order and repair.

The old Convocation Hall is entered through the Medical College. It was agreed to close this entrance, as very few medicals attended, and make one of the windows into a door, so that the hall may be entered from the outside. Some time this fall one of the windows was taken out by some of those lawless characters which exist about every college, and the apparatus was removed through the breach, and strewn around the quomps. The club will undertake to see that nothing of this sort occurs again. The formation of this club will add to the already large number of college societies, but it is a good thing to take the gymnasium out of the hands of the Alma Mater Society, which should have nothing to do with matters of the kind.

THEOLOGY.

THE first year class numbers 12 members.

THE Rev. Robert Campbell, M.A., of Montreal, who has since the beginning of the session been giving the first series of his lectures on Church History, left for home a few days ago.

THE Revs. Drs. Potts and Jardine and Parsons have given lectures to the Divinity students.

THE following is the result of the recent examinations as far as they relate to scholarships:

David Strathern Dow (\$100)—A. R. Linton, B.A.
Dominion (\$80)—D. McTavish, B.A.
Buchan No. 3 (\$75)—James Murray.
Church of Scotland No. 1 (\$60)—John Moore, B.A.
Church of Scotland No. 2 (\$50)—James Sommerville, B.A.

For a special examination on Butler's Analogy, Hebrew, and Greek, George McArthur, B.A., received a scholarship of \$60.

PERSONAL.

W. E. D'ARGENT has been ordained, and is ministering to the benighted of Minnesota.

T. A. BERTRAM, '84, has become a student of medicine in the Royal

C. L. HERALD, '84,—an active volunteer and curator of the reading room—has gone home on account of illness. He will return after Christmas.

R. G. FEKE, '81, but who skipped last session, has again entered as a member of '82.

HAY and SPANKIE, of '82, and Scott, of '84, have been conjugally matrimonified.

H. N. MACDONALD, of the Royal College, is the champion athlete of Nova Scotia.

H. N. COUTLEE and F. T. Koyl were, on examination, admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, last month.

OUR far distant friend, the Rev. J. R. Thompson, M.A., '67, of Washington Territory, appears to be prospering in that remote corner of the continent. Mr. Thompson is looked on as the father of Presbyterianism on the Pacific Slope, and it is chiefly through his efforts that the Church holds the position which she does.

J. H. BALLAGH, B.A., '78, who has been studying law in the States for some time, has been admitted to the Bar of Iowa.

⇒DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.«

THE University Preachers for the last three Sundays were the Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Professor Gregg and the Rev. H. M. Parsons, all of Toronto. We regret that no shorthand reporter this year we are unable to furnish reports of the two latter sermons.

MRS. GRANT gave an "At home" on Saturday last, which was largely attended and very jolly.

A PROCESSION forming a serenade after the late meeting of the A.M. Society, was headed by a bonnie Scot from the class of '85 who discoursed music on the pipes.

It is now called the "celebrated Queen's College Glee Club," and its services are in constant demand.

ACADEMIC COSTUME.—Nibs, our reporter, desirous of getting the mind of the College agent the recent action of the Senate on this matter, visited several persons during the week and insinuated himself into their confidence.

MR. W. J. LAMB, '85, was found in his room with a green shade over his eyes, tracing out some archaic forms. When asked his opinion on the matter of academic costume, he blushed and said he didn't know; but on further conversation Nibs gathered that he had a strong prepossession in favor of cap and gown. On slight urging he attired himself in them, for Nibs' benefit. Nibs said he looked most dignified in them, at which Mr. Lamb looked most pleased, and made some faint remarks regarding the length of the gown; he didn't think it was quite long enough. He wished those second year fellows would leave his gown alone. He asked Nibs to call again.

MR. T. SMART, '84, was found with several of his year around a table discussing a problem in Metaphysics, in which the abstract terms "strait," "two pair," and "aci" were frequently used. Nibs was greeted most cordially, and was asked what he'd have. (What Nibs said is of no consequence.) In answer to a query, Mr. Smart said he didn't mind wearing the costume, but thought there should be a marked difference between the caps and gowns of the first, and those of the second year. He thought sophomore should wear red tassels on their caps. It wasn't he who tore Lamb's gown. Nibs then retired from the room with a strong odor of tobacco about his clothes.

THE next room visited was that of Mr. Nobbiman, '83, who was "at home," but received our reporter somewhat haughtily. He thought that regulation VI. was a childish one; but that it should be strictly enforced with regard to the first and second years. Yes, he had a gown somewhere around college, but he generally picked up the first one he could see, and through it over his shoulders when going into a lecture, as he did not want to quarrel with the professor. As Mr. N. was in evening dress and seemed in a hurry, Nibs soon took his leave.

MR. J. GRAVEMAN UPPERTON, '82, was found ensconced

in an arm chair before his fire smoking a Caporal, and reading the Data of Ethics; he received Nibs graciously. The regulation was not of much consequence to him, as he would not long be affected by it. However, he thought the principle of the thing was right, and while he was in college he would generally wear his gown as an example to the younger students. He had reprimanded several already for not conforming to the regulation. As Mr. Upperton showed signs of being bored, Nibs withdrew. He soon afterwards met Miss Chatterton, who said she thought caps and gowns just lovely. She had told Mr. Nobbiman that if he did not wear his she would not speak to him. She liked the JOURNAL ever so much better since it advocated the wearing of cap and gown. Nibs blushed and made his adieux.

PERSONAL "Patience" parodies on the prevailing party platforms:

- A medical ticket, young man,
- A "vote with his crowd" young man,
- A badly defeated
- And very conceited
- Anti-Lamb young man.
- A Y. M. C. A. young man,
- A studious and steady young man,
- An exceedingly moral
- And "Don't want to quarrel,"
- "Carry the day" young man.
- A straddle-the-fence young man,
- A "vote both tickets" young man;
- An undecided,
- And much derided,
- Stick-in-the-mud young man.

We have had almost nothing decent this fall in the theatrical line—the Florences, Rose Eytine, George Pawcett Rowe, and two or three of Bartley Campbell's combinations are all that are worth mentioning. Though of course there has been the usual sprukling of variety shows and Siberian bloodhounds.

THE Glee Club realized two hundred dollars by "Patience" after paying its expenses, which were also two hundred dollars. Ladies and gentlemen who have seen the play in London and New York say that it was as well performed here as they had ever seen it, in some respects better.

THE Glee Club sang on the 8th inst. at St. Paul's Church concert in the Opera House. Their glee, "Get away from that window," was well received. On the same evening at a later hour the Club gave a brief concert at the Sydenham St. Church bazaar in the City Hall, the programme consisting of two glees by the Club. A trio by Messrs. Heath, Rathbun and Cumberland, and a solo by Mr. Rathbun. The encores at the latter concert were hearty and at the close a vote of thanks was unanimously passed and presented to the Club.

Varsity: The Greek letter fraternity are to hold their convention next January, at Syracuse. It is probable that a new chapter will be planted in the Kingston University, the prevalent impression being that limestone caves and grottoes would be favourable to the undisturbed performance of the Mystic rites.

We doubt this statement. The editor of the *Varsity* can represent Canada in these *J.O.N.X.* societies and *H.B.H.* banquets. We orientals don't give a *P.* of pins for these things.

WHEN a grave is robbed, the nearest place in which there is a Medical College is immediately resorted to by the "friends of the corpse," and Kingston is frequently visited, but with the usual result of finding no traces, the public are now pretty well convinced that our students would as soon commit suicide as think of visiting neighbouring graveyards for material for science. The following scene, as pathetically described in the *Whig*, occurred the other day:

Yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Police Officer Nesbitt and Detective Sullivan, the bereaved friends visited the college, and, armed with a search warrant, made a thorough tour of the premises, the college authorities giving all necessary assistance. This visit occurred at an hour when all the students were present, some in classes but the majority of them in the dissecting room. The police officers and relatives made a most thorough inspection of every room from cellar to garret. Not only this but all places adjacent to the college were searched, a manure heap even being turned over in the fruitless hunt. The body was nowhere to be found. The scene at the college was a harrowing one, the women in tears following the searchers sadly from one point to another. They did not enter the dissecting room, not desiring to see the inanimate flesh strewn around. They retired to an adjoining apartment and wept bitterly their poignant grief, affecting many who witnessed it. To add to the solemnity of the scene the students sang a low, soft refrain with unusual effect.

THE REV. H. M. PARSONS gave a stirring public address on Saturday in Convocation Hall under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. One of the best features of this meeting was the excellence of the singing by an impromptu choir.

FOOT BALL.—We have received a report of a football match between the College club and a team picked from the Atalanta and K.C.I. clubs. The match ended in a draw, both sides getting a goal. The ground was very slippery. The boys are anxious to tackle the College team again.

DIVINE SERVICE IN CONVOCATION HALL.

THE following list of University preachers is an evidence not only of the Catholicity of Queen's, but of the friendly feelings entertained towards her by representative men of different churches. The students show that they reciprocate those feelings by their uniform attendance, and by the interest they manifest in the whole service. All the divines who have hitherto visited us have expressed themselves highly gratified by the earnest attention paid to their good words. Anything else would be a poor return for the trouble taken by those gentlemen. May the result be good fruit in the form of new inspiration to a higher life!

1881, December 18, Rev. James S. Black, Erskine Church, Montreal.

During the Christmas holidays no services are held. 1882, January 8, Rt. Rev. Bishop Carman.

- " 15, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, D.D. of 1880.
- " 22, Rev. J. C. Smith, B.D. of 1880.
- " 29, Rev. Canon Baldwin, Christ Church, Montreal.
- Feby. 5, Rev. Dr. Clarke, Olivet Church, Montreal
- " 12, Rev. G. Bell, LL.D. of 1870.
- " 19, Rev. Jno. Ferguson, B.D. of 1879.
- " 26, Rev. James Ross, B.D. of 1881.

♦EXCHANGES.♦

WE believe most of our fellow exchange-wrestlers will agree with us.

That among the hundred or so college journals, there are very few which are interesting and readable to outsiders.

That young men and women who discuss "Prehistoric man," "The Age we Live in," "The Benefits of Classical Study," "William Shakespeare," &c., should be discouraged as much as possible.

That pointed personalities should have no place in a college paper, and that the editors in publishing such assume a license which they have no right to.

That one or two college papers smack strongly of professional journalism.

That the *University* is a good type of a college paper, its editorials vigorous, its literary articles good, and that it is eminently an organ of student opinion.

That the *Crimson* has about it such an air of good taste, and is edited so cleverly, that it deserves a front place in college journalism.

That the *Columbia Spectator* is the most readable paper.

That the *Archangel* is by all odds the best paper from Oregon.

That the *Hollinwood World* is a most creditable sheet, clever, readable and genteel.

That the local department of the *Dalhousie Gazette* needs weeding.

That the ideas of the *Globe* on college life are founded on theory.

That the *Canada Presbyterian* has improved of late.

That it is ungenerous to make the recent troubles in University College worse than they were.

That the *Presbyterian College Journal*, Montreal, is much improved this session, and that it may now rank with the best journals.

That the jokes about Ohio's universities and Yale's baseball pitcher, should be buried by the college press.

♦COLLEGE WORLD.♦

THE contest for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University was between Alexander Bain, LL.D., formerly professor of literature in the University, and Sir James Paget, one of the most eminent of modern physicians. The election seems to have been a party one; the majority of the students favouring the old arts professor to the medical man, although Sir James is said to be a more brilliant man of letters and profounder scholar, than the rhetorician. It was our annual struggle between medicals and arts on a large scale.

TORONTO proposes to give a Greek play. The suggestion of the *University Herald* has begun to bear fruit.

TANNER is again to the fore. The *College Rambler* says:—"We hear that Prof. Tanner is meeting with remarkable success in his new undertaking. All definite reports will be withheld until the work is finished. We can affirm, however, with renewed confidence, that the desired end will be accomplished."

A FUNNY SCENE, which the gentlemanly *Tablet* calls a "peculiar incident," occurred recently at a foot-ball match between the freshmen of Trinity and Wesleyan Univer-

sities. The game begins—but before it is half finished, the President of the University walks out on to the ball-field, picks up the foot-ball and orders his Freshmen to come immediately into recitations, under penalty of suspension! Trinity freshman marches up with a bold face, "That's our ball," he says. "All right," says Prexy, and explanations follow.

The Faculty at Princeton University exercise a somewhat strict surveillance over the students. Alluding to this the Harvard *Crimson* gets off the following funny little remark:—"We shall not be surprised to hear next that the Faculty go around and tuck the students up in bed every night at eight."

BOX-MOTS.

NOW that the Xmas vacation is at hand we are reminded of a joke which occurred at the beginning of the Christmas holidays a good many years ago.

It was the first day of vacation, and the station was thronged with men going home, and as usual on such occasions the beer flowed pretty freely in the little eating house. Among the crowd was a student named J—, who was somewhat of a wag, but notorious for his stinginess; but as everybody was treating, J— felt he must do likewise, so waiting until only two or three were around, he asked them up to the bar. Such a thing as J—'s treating was a thing unheard of in the annals of the College. So the chosen few felt compelled to spread the news that "J— was going to treat." The consequence was that fellows were seen emerging from the waiting rooms, baggage rooms, and every where, and hurrying towards the bar. J— began to wear an anxious look but there was no help for it, and orders were taken from about thirty. Men who never drank before drank then, when they heard it was to be at the expense of J—. But J— was sharp and after quaffing his beer in a gulp said, "A good plan in the German Universities is for everyone to pay for his own drink," and laying down five cents he hastily took his departure and reached the platform before anyone had recovered him self sufficiently even to groan. No more was seen of J— that day.

Another yarn told of this same time, was of old "Cuddy B—," as he was called, who kept a students boarding house in that hot-bed of boarding houses at the head of William street. Cuddy was the proud possessor of a pipe which held close on to a pound of tobacco; this he would fill every morning by taking shavings from all the plugs in the student's rooms when they had gone to college. The tobacco was locked up. Our friend Cuddy then took to smoking any pipes which might have been left around unfinished. He found a large pipe one day nearly full of the fragrant weed, this he smoked dreamily for about three minutes, when "Bang!" there was an explosion, N.P. (no pipe) and the symmetry of Cuddy's features was considerably marred. A man of '65 had put half a thimbleful of gunpowder in the bowl beneath the tobacco.

She. "But there is one thing that I positively hate, and that is, to be talking to a young gentleman while he is looking all around the room and have him just turn to me once in a while with a most society sort of a smile and say, 'Yes, or something of that sort.'"

He (who has been gazing intently at the beautiful Miss S.) "I beg your pardon! O, yes, certainly. So do I!"—*Yale Record*.

"Mr D., how would you translate '*nimium!*'?"

"Well, Professor, I should think it was about equivalent to the modern 'too, too.'—*University Magazine*. Exactly so!"

A pleasing thing it is to the College man to feel that he is popular in his class. There is in human nature an inherent love of fame, and if the College student did not have it, he would be the sole exception. If the citizen in public life has his love for notoriety, why should not the College man feel it in earlier life? But in what does College popularity consist? 'Tis a question not easily answered. In a popular man there is, evidently, an undefinable something which is pleasing. Beyond that, there is much in the power of every man to win friends. A good, jovial disposition is a thing almost indispensable, for the surly pessimist who cannot agree with himself is never agreeable to others. The man who will be popular at graduation is generally an obscure Freshman, who attends to little outside his own business. The loud mouthed Freshman does little else than show his verandy. Wealth is by no means required. While it is not necessarily the high standing man who has the largest circle of friends, yet a popular man must have fair ability. A polite treatment of classmates cannot be disregarded, for

"The man who hails you, Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
How he observes your merit."

is ever a bore. The bootlick—alas! a sad fate is his! Then to our new comers we would say if you desire popularity, do not manifest that you are striving for it. Talk little and think much. Let no useless failures mar your reputation for ability. Wait for others to advertise you and you will not regret your obscurity in Freshman days.—*Williams Atheneum*.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.—*Ex*

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs S., in a reprimanding way, "that that cigarette is hurting you, that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a fleecy cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."—*Ex*.

CURIOS stories are told of the blunders made by Oxford undergraduates in the scripture examination, which, as a matter of form, they have to pass before taking their degree. One of them being asked to relate the story of the death of Jezebel, and feeling sure of his ground, prefaced his account by the remark that it was important to adhere as closely as possible to scripture language, and proceeded:—"And when Jesus reached the gate of the city, behold he saw the woman, and he said, Who is on my side? Who? And suddenly there appeared unto him a cunuch, and he said throw her down, and he threw her down, and he said do it a second time, and he did it a second time, and he said do it yet again a third time, and he did it the third time. Thus he did also even unto seventy times seven; and last of all the woman died also, and they gathered up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full that nothing might be lost."

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, and an Englishman is not particular as to the order of piece fence but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general said: "The best troops would be Irishmen half drunk, Scotchmen half starved, and Englishmen with their bellies full."—*Dalhousie Gazette*.